

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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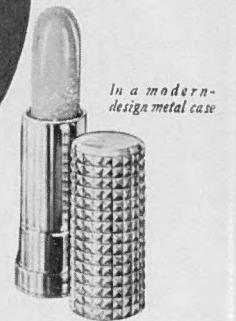
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# The TATLER and BYSTANDER

Two Shillings

LONDON

JUNE 16, 1948

Vol. CLXXXVIII No. 2449



## TO WATCH THE DERBY

The King, with Princess Elizabeth and the Earl of Rosebery, at Epsom on Derby Day, when they watched the Aga Khan's My Love win a most exciting race. The Queen was also present, and others in the Royal party were Queen Mary, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Princess Royal. It was one of the public's last opportunities to see Princess Elizabeth this year, as she will be undertaking no more engagements after the end of June.



**Runners in the Oaks,** two days before the Derby, parading before the Royal Party in the paddock. On the left is His Majesty's racing manager, Capt. Charles Moore. Behind the King and Princess Elizabeth is Sir Humphrey de Trafford, one of the Stewards, and the Duke of Gloucester, while in front are the Earl of Rosebery and the Duke of Norfolk (grey topper), the other two Stewards

## Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

**N**or for the first time I have been inquiring into the strange matter of "flaming June": who first called it "flaming" and in what sense?

The Oxford Dictionary informs me that "flaming" means "burning hot, inflamed, fiery," adjectives seldom applicable to Junes in England of my memory; but then the Oxford goes on to remind that it can also mean "flagrant, glaring, monstrous."

Several days of this June of 1948 have well earned the invective of the latter interpretation—Oaks Day at Epsom in particular, although Derby Day just escaped. Yet my memory (doubtless playing me false) of most Derbys is of April-like downpours and lots of mud. And as for Ascot! The greatest social débâcle of recent years was the washing-out of that mid-June event in 1929.

Perhaps, now that everything is in the melting-pot, we might consider revising our whole conception of the calendar, starting with a fixed Easter, please.

**W**e are growing rather free with our dates as it is: the King's birthday being on December 14 does not prevent authority from altering it to June 10 for its convenience and for last week's ceremony of Trooping the Colour, cancelled at the last moment.

That the "Fourth" at Eton should have been held on the fifth is perhaps only a small matter. Anyway, for the record, the "Fifth" this year was a dressy day all the way from Agar's Plough to Tattenham Corner.

The limelight was turned on the Aga Khan after his Derby win, and little was said of Leon Volterra, who might easily claim the winner and second.

The first I heard of Leon Volterra was when he was selling programmes at the Casino de Paris. Then I believe he ran the bar there, and after that it was but a short step to running the whole show. He used to be known as "Monsieur Ça Va" and a story told of his being sent for by President Millerand who wished to congratulate him after a big Auteuil win.

"I wish to congratulate you—" began the President.

"Oh, ça va!" Volterra is reported to have

said airily. He used the phrase on every occasion.

**O**n the eve of the "Fifth" I paid a visit to something that assuredly justifies the adjective "flaming" in its "burning hot, fiery" sense.

This was *Caribbean Rhapsody*, the wholly remarkable and entrancing show put on by Miss Katherine Dunham and her troupe of coloured dancers and singers at the Prince of Wales. I had met Miss Dunham, a pleasant and cultured American, rather taller than the run of dancers. She told me she was five feet ten inches and came from French-Canadian and Negro stock.

Her répute as a student of anthropology and folk-music had an ominous ring about it that promised an interesting rather than entertaining evening. The surprise was all the greater. Not since the early days of Serge Diaghileff can a dancing troupe have made a greater impact on London. I tried afterwards to describe it and found I was quite unable to convey the spirit of the show. I might have said that it was not unlike a West Indian version of the Chauve Souris, but that would have meant nothing to a generation which never saw that delightful entertainment from Moscow via Paris in the twenties.

Nor has there of recent years been any adequate performance of *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*, through lack of a dancer with the necessary pagan vigour, and so this comparison with one of the Dunham dances—*Ag'ya*—is useless. *Ag'ya* is the voodoo ballet and a frightening affair.

Then one might instance the Blackbirds troupe with Miss Florence Mills, that fragile and feminine little creature whose singing gave you a catch in the throat.

**S**ITTING in front of me was a man who had brought all three of these shows of yesterday to London—Diaghileff, Blackbirds and Chauve Souris—and lost money on all three at various times: Charles B. Cochran, the impresario of many another dance venture in his day.

"I could come to see this show every night for a month with intensest pleasure," pronounced Cochran.

*Caribbean Rhapsody* has been brought over by Val Parnell, the youngish man upon whom has fallen the cloak of the late George Black, and who has lately been introducing most of the microphone-marvels from the U.S.A., Danny Kaye, Martha Raye, Carmen Miranda and Co.

Some of these have been over-boomed. Not so Miss Dunham—who, incidentally, identifies herself with the rest of the company so skilfully that one is never quite sure whether or not she is on the stage.

**O**NE fears we have laid rather a palsied hand on the West Indies for too long.

Most of the British islands lack colour in comparison with, for choice, Martinique. You notice this immediately in the appearance of the women—who have a *chic* of their own almost Parisian (some of their bandana-handkerchief "hats" appear in one of the Dunham dances).

Just to the north of Martinique there are other French-speaking islands under the Union Jack (I think particularly of Antigua) where there is little of the feeling for colour which exists in Martinique; nor to the south do you find it in Barbados, that delightful island which was known to some of my forebears as "Bimshire," and which is not only belligerently English but, in the opinion of some, rather more English than England.

Martinique has the distinction of being the birthplace of Josephine de la Pagerie—a fact of which the visitor is soon made aware. The Creole wife of Napoleon brought to Paris a good deal of the luxury-loving and indolent spirit of the West Indies of that day.

Yet we have left it to others to exploit this area so rich in vivid life, lamenting at the same time that "colour" has departed from England.

A sad comment on our spirit of colonial enterprise.

Yet, if the present imprisonment of sterling does nothing more than put more of it back into the West Indies, one purpose at least will have been served. I met the other day a man who had been in both the Bahamas and Bermuda during the winter; in both places he stayed in hotels recently bought as a private venture by William ("Holiday Camp") Butlin.

(The Bermudas, I have often to point out, are no part of the West Indies, being almost nearer to Canada than to St. Kitts or Anguilla, most northerly of the Leeward Islands.)

**T**WICE during the past few months I have visited London mansions, built of recent years on a scale which Mayfair and Belgravia seem now to have said good-bye to for ever.

One was the Hampstead Heath home of Frank O. Salisbury, maker of a fortune in the United States, painting rich men's portraits in the tradition of the great Victorian artists who painted the merchant princes of an age looking for ways of spending its money.

Salisbury's home is a Tudorized palace in West Heath Road, built only about fifteen years ago, with extensive picture galleries filled with Salisbury's pageant-esque canvases. If one wished to be critical it could be said that Sarum Chase was pure Hollywood—and quite improbable.

In the small back garden is a knoll so encouraged that it stands now—says Mr. Salisbury—as the highest point of the Heath.

Then there is the mansion just beyond the Spaniard's which has recalled all this to mind, the home now of the Butlin who has interested himself in the Bermudas and Bahamas which until recently were increasingly the field for foreign financial enterprise. Butlin himself is an Anglo-South African-Canadian.

This house was once the property of Belgians now in the Argentine, and its eight acres of land embrace a remarkable piece of landscape gardening and a prospect from a waterfall over what in certain lights appears to be virgin territory—all this but fifteen minutes from Piccadilly Circus.

The finest Hampstead view is still probably from Jack Straw's Castle, shared by Lord Leverforth, who runs a country estate and market garden just behind.

This is the view much painted as a distant vision of Harrow-on-the-Hill.

**A**ND now back to the Oxford Dictionary again on a matter which has lightly troubled some readers of THE TATLER since those attractive pictures of the Household Cavalry's early morning rehearsals in Hyde Park appeared three weeks ago.

"The Flying Pennants . . ." said the headline. "Pennants"? Or should it have been "pennons"? The Royal Navy protests that "pennants" belongs to the Navy; the Household Cavalry with that insouciance fitting to their gay natures, say that the spelling is quite good enough for them.

There is something to be said for all parties (including THE TATLER) for the words seem interchangeable. More strictly, I claim "pennants" for the Navy and give "pennons" to the Army.

"Pennons" says the Oxford, "is a long narrow flag or streamer triangular and pointed or swallow tailed, usually attached to the head of a lance (or helmet) formerly borne as a distinction by a knight under the rank of banneret, and sometimes having his cognizance on it: now a military ensign of the lancer regiments."

This sounds definite; BUT—

"Pennant," says the Oxford, "is a compromise between pendant and pennon, representing the nautical pronunciation of these words, of which it is now the most usual form" (a pendant is "a rope part of the rigging").

It instances a definition as late as 1867: "A pennant is a long narrow banner with St. George's cross in the head, hoisted at the main. It is the badge of a ship-of-war."

I will add, inconsequentially, that the only pennant/pennon I have ever been genuinely thrilled by is the paying-off one which streams three times the length of the ship on her way Home; but then I was never in the Army.

## Words Without Songs



### QUEUEPID



Love pricked me with a double dart  
When in the butcher's queue;  
There Phyllis stole away my heart—  
And got the liver, too.

Before the fishmonger's her face  
Still fiercer wrought its spell,  
For after having filched my place,  
She had my sole as well.

Hence now, two minds with but one  
thought,  
Four feet that wait in twos,  
We double all that's to be bought  
And share the bills and queues.

But Phyllis at the pastrycook's  
Next chose a softer rôle,  
Vouchsafing me some kindly looks,  
Though even those she stole.

Emboldened thus, I pressed my suit—  
'Twas at the cleaners—and  
Convinced her it was right to loot  
All I had left, my hand.

—Justin Richardson



### ALSO AT EPSOM

on Oaks Day was the Queen, here walking down the course with the Duke of Norfolk. In the race itself Her Majesty saw the King's horse Angelola make the only substantial British challenge offered to the French horses in either the Oaks or Derby, coming in second to the Aga Khan's Masaka

Anthony Cookman

with Tom Tilt

# At the Theatre

*"The Gioconda**Smile" (New)*

**Henry Hutton** (Clive Brook), who has too much money, a penchant for pictures, and a misleading tongue, exercising his cynical charm upon Doris Mead (Brenda Bruce), whom he marries a few weeks after the death—apparently from natural causes—of his invalid wife

THE playhouse, once the Devil's favourite haunt, is really a very moral place. Without any prompting from the censor, it imposes all sorts of restraints on authors who, within the covers of their books, are free to be wholly uninhibited.

See how even Mr. Aldous Huxley must answer to the bridle. When he wrote the story of a rich philanderer whose wife was poisoned by the one woman with whom he had never been more than intellectually playful, he did not scruple to let the fellow be hanged for his foolishness. Readers were amused at the flagrant injustice of the thing. Playgoers, as Mr. Huxley well knows, would not be.

No sleep for them if they left the theatre persuaded that a man they had got to know through three acts and nine scenes was at the end of a hangman's rope while a doctor prepared for the real murderer a nicely efficacious sleeping draught. Especially as the man would be Mr. Clive Brook! And even though the woman happens to be Miss Pamela Brown.

PLAYGOERS are not, perhaps, more moral than readers (the point is arguable), but they are certainly more emotional. Except where the Shavian Ancient Mariner has fixed them with his glittering eye, the only ideas they take much notice of are expressed through emotion. Mr. Huxley has been forced accordingly to re-cast his grisly-gay little anecdote into an emotional story for the theatre. He has succeeded remarkably well up to a point.

Mr. Hutton remains the easy-going worldling with the well-hung tongue of the philanderer, able to interweave a well-informed and witty discussion of a Modigliani with allusions to life which might well lead a passionate spinster to suppose that he is only waiting for his invalid wife to die before flying to her embraces. Poor Miss Janet acts on the supposition, and into the coffee goes the poison. Then she learns that he

has flown instead to the embraces of Doris, his rather low-class mistress.

The embittered spinster gossips with malicious intent and so much success that Mr. Hutton finds himself beating madly on the doors of the condemned cell at one side of the stage while at the other side the woman madly gloats. Theatrically, it is a very effective predicament. It always has been. And once the prisoner has let himself be redeemed by suffering and knows true love we are all agog (as we always have been) to be shown how the inevitable reprieve will be gained.

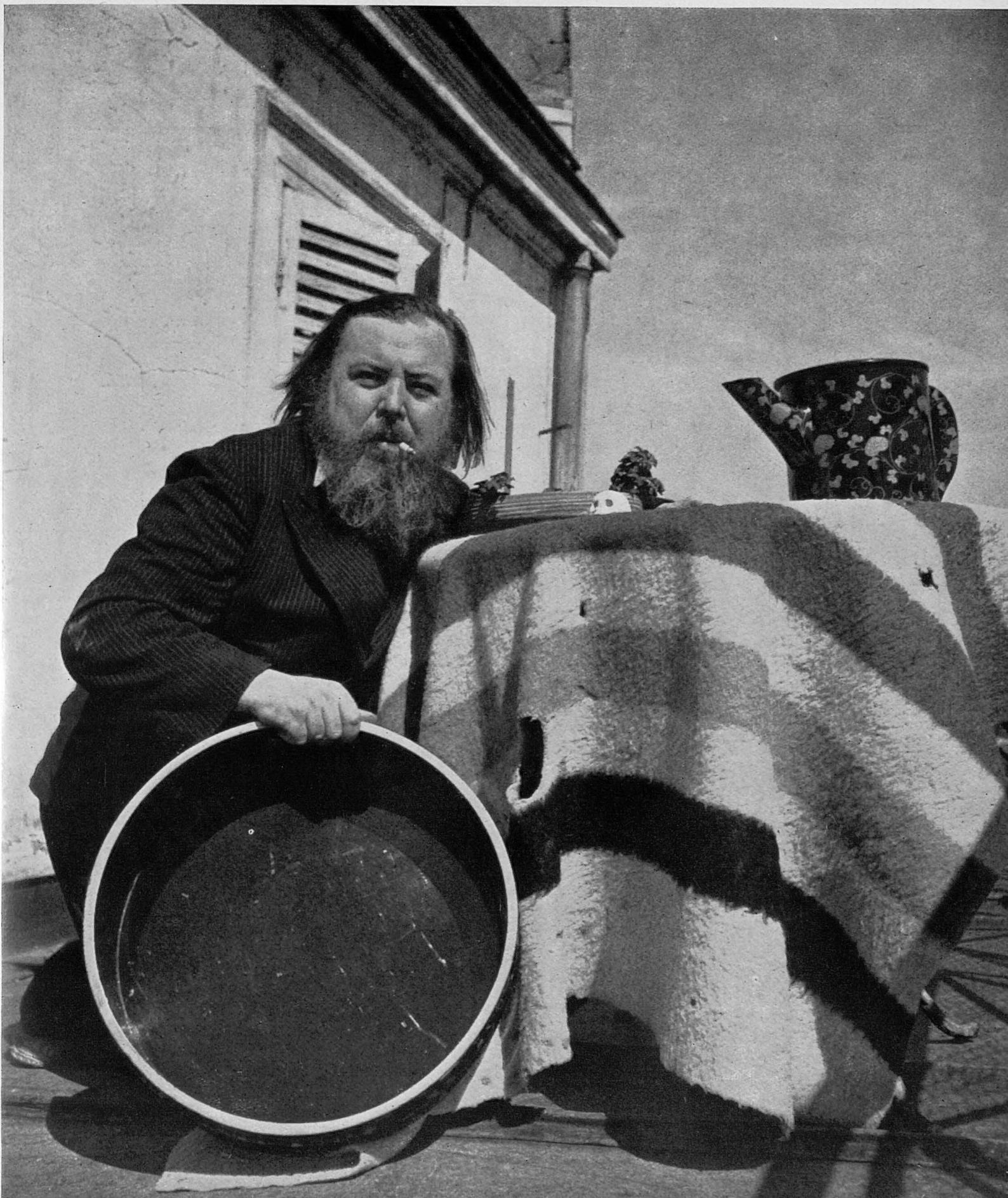
A PLAYWRIGHT in construction, Mr. Huxley remains a novelist in outlook, and the weaknesses of the piece flow from his failure to see the play wholly in terms of the theatre. He retains his novelist's love of surprising his readers, and he will not let us see Miss Janet put the poison into the coffee. She does not in fact do so; and the only effect of the omission is to give a psychological thriller the air of being a "Who dunnit?" piece.

There is nothing to be said for mystery here. Since everyone can guess who has done the murder there should be no question of guessing. A more important imperfection (at least to my thinking) is that the writing of the dialogue is too coldly intellectual for the play. It is constantly checking emotion which its business should be to encourage

THE play is quite brilliantly acted. Mr. Brook cleverly reflects not only the charm of Mr. Hutton but the self-disgust and sense of futility which haunts him on his good days. Miss Brown makes a truly terrible figure of the vengeful spinster. Miss Marie Ney is very completely the affrontingly efficient nurse with a "down" on men. A difficult little part is played by Miss Brenda Bruce with excellent judgment, and Mr. Noel Howlett never once lets the doctor, who is half detective, half priest, become a bore.



**Janet Spence** (Pamela Brown) whose overwhelming passion for, followed by calculating hatred of, Henry Hutton leads her to the crime which brings him to the foot of the gallows and herself to insanity



Photograph by Derek Adkins

## CHRISTIAN BÉRARD

forty-three year old French painter, artist and designer, has gained in the last few years a name and reputation for creative genius that has rarely been equalled in the world of fashion and décor. Known almost internationally as "Bébé," his beard has earned such notice that Christian Dior created a new colour in his honour called "Barbe de Bébé," which is a mixture of gold and tobacco brown. Bérard's outstanding contribution to the French film industry was seen in the remarkable designs he prepared for Jean Cocteau's film *La Belle et la Bête* (Beauty and the Beast), while his influence on the theatre will no longer be limited to Paris, for he was recently invited by the New York Theatre Guild to collaborate in the production of a new Thornton Wilder musical. And on the twenty-fifth of this month his décor for Massine's new Sadler's Wells ballet, based on Haydn's "Clock" symphony, will be seen at the first performance at Covent Garden

**Freda Bruce Lockhart**

[ Decorations by Hoffnung ]

# At The Pictures

## Change of Temper

**I**N the week that the text of the Anglo-American film agreement was finally published one new American film reached Leicester Square. The terms of the agreement incline us to weigh the value of each asset it brings more carefully perhaps than we used to do before we had all been taught to count the cost. As one of the first fruits of an agreement which threatens to put the British film industry under direct, instead of only remote, American control, *Deep Valley* has a sour and shrivelled taste.

Dan Tothero's novel on which the film was based is unknown to me, but the picture gives a few crude pointers which suggest that it was one of those solid sagas of American backwoods life with more than a whiff of *Tobacco Road* and a fashionable sprinkling of violence. The film seems to be constructed on the old-established Hollywood pattern of buying a popular novel, retaining its more startling incidents while ignoring the developments which might hold them together, and hoping to cover up the gaps by time-honoured tricks, good acting and a coat of polish.

**P**ERHAPS the association with *Tobacco Road* is accentuated by the presence of Henry Hull, who was acting in *Tobacco Road* on the stage almost twenty years ago. Mr. Hull brings the right atmosphere of squalor and dereliction to the part of a "poor white," owner of one of those shacks in California which have at least one merit as a film background: when the banister all but comes away in a player's hand we can be reasonably sure that the tumbledown matchwood effect is intentional. But his whole family, consisting of a neurotic, bedridden wife (Fay Bainter) who hasn't spoken to her husband for seven years since he hit her in a quarrel, and their "simple" daughter (Ida Lupino) who has been unable to speak without stammering since she witnessed the same quarrel, might well have come from *Tobacco Road*.

Ida Lupino, good actress though she is in waterfront or underworld melodrama, is not my idea of an almost dumb waif of the woods. And the rustic peace is too often shattered by bursts of pure Light Programme teashop music. But the film sketches the family of squalid squatters painstakingly enough to begin with. Then father hits daughter, too; daughter runs away to a Wendy's house in the woods where she finds a fellow-fugitive, an escaped convict (Dane Clark) with a murderous temper, a war record and all the love needed to restore the girl's speech.

**A**FTER that the film can relax. Miss Bainter, left alone, can get out of bed and start cooking for Mr. Hull with never a cross word; Miss Lupino, coming home to purloin food and clothes for her convict, can give up struggling to stammer and get out of her dirty dungarees into the ward-

robe of low-necked floral prints which her mother has been able apparently to run up overnight. Psychology and sociology can now be forgotten, for the sheriff and his posse are round the bend to take over the classic escape story and after a motorized chase to shoot things out in the good old style among the boulder rocks.

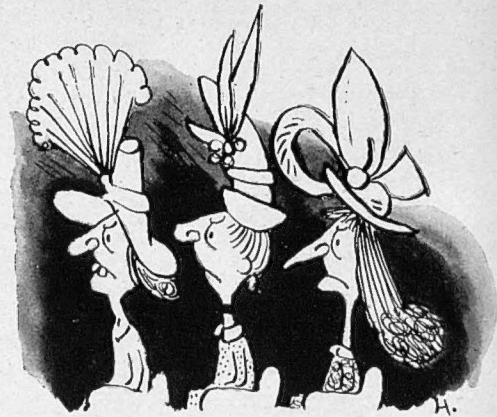
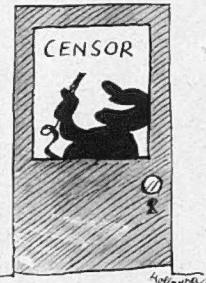
Miss Lupino is able to reach her man before he expires and to assure him that she will never love another, even though, when she dropped his revolver down the well, he had shown himself equally ready with axe or scythe. But the pattern would not be complete without the stalwart engineer planted early in the picture to stand by.

The rigmarole has been given all the gloss, the solemn treatment and what are called "production values" by which Hollywood has for years hypnotized audiences into taking stories like these at least half seriously. But how grimly audiences of to-day are growing to take their pleasures. The only things which distinguish *Deep Valley* from scores of other Westerns without horses are the study of "poor white" squalor and the contemporary phenomenon of the ex-Serviceman who can't forget the gun his government gave him! I can't really believe this is the kind of entertainment which we have been waiting to welcome back to our screens.

The same empty and depressing week, however, did give me the opportunity to take a busman's holiday and see the reissue of

*Nothing Sacred*, which is very much the kind of bracing entertainment for which we have been waiting from Hollywood. There was nothing nostalgic in my enjoyment of this ten-year-old. It is embarrassing in a way to sit alone in the cinema and rock with laughter, but I got used to it. This is the world as we know it to-day, New York as Hollywood must know it even better: the world of shameless newspaper stunts, of editors to whom even a girl supposed to be dying of radium poisoning is fair publicity game, and of the great soft heart of the American public which surrenders itself to such orgies of exploitation. "You mean they like me just because I'm dying?" exclaims Hazel Flagg, guest of the *Morning Star* and New York's latest sensation.

It is a world at least as cruel and stupid as the world of *Deep Valley* and many better recent films, and more cold-blooded. The important difference is that *Nothing Sacred* does not slavishly identify itself with the horrid world; it laughs at it. Director (William Wellman), script-writer (Ben Hecht) and stars (Fredric March and the late Carole Lombard) stand outside, peeling off layer after layer of phoniness, debunking with savage and exhilarating cynicism the newspaper's editor, its staff, its readers and the girl herself, driven to desperation to conceal the faulty diagnosis to which she owes her fame.



Carole Lombard's embarrassment when the referee stops a gross wrestling-match and calls on the packed audience of Madison Square Garden for "ten seconds' silence" (ring out on the bell) "in honour of Hazel Flagg"; or Fredric March's when he explains gently, tenderly, that his conversation with the Mayor has been concerned with "the arrangements"—for her funeral; these are peaks where the picture attains whatever is the equivalent in satire of purgation by pity and terror.

Nor would it do to be late and miss the spiteful, hatchet-faced monosyllabic village of Warsaw, Vermont, from which Hazel Flagg is understandably glad to escape, even on false pretences, for a trip to New York at the expense of the *Morning Star*.

**S**INCE the art of making films as hectically funny as this seems to have been lost in Anglo-American studios, a classic in its kind is too rare a treat to miss. Another reason for trying to catch *Nothing Sacred* while it is going the rounds is the pleasure of admiring again the late Carole Lombard.

Admittedly there is always a certain ghoulishness in watching on the screen a star whom we know to be dead—an uneasiness emphasized here by the mock-morbid theme and the character played by Miss Lombard. It would be hypocritical to pretend that the embarrassment is more than momentary or prevents our relishing her performance to the full.

"Natural" is the stock epithet applied to actors as a compliment by the uninitiate. I should not have remembered Carole Lombard as a particularly natural actress. She was a typical Hollywood product, a vivacious blonde who knew her job. But I can only say that what struck me most about this posthumous performance—in a most unnatural part—was her extreme naturalness by contrast with present-day acting in British or American films.

Her mobility of mood and gesture, suppleness of body and face, and comedy instinct, give a most surprising impression not only of spontaneous humour but of positive human life, of living flesh and blood, beside the empty enamelled faces we are grown used to see staring statuesquely from the screen.

**N**othing Sacred, revised, has certainly made me appreciate what a rare comedienne the screen lost in Carole Lombard. There is a wayward delicacy in her rendering of Hazel Flagg's reactions to her great, greedy, generous public—a little touched, a little guilty, only faintly shocked at first, and finally panicked—that is as charming as it is hilarious. It is only proper to add that Fredric March, as the reporter caught by his own stunt, matches her in the earnestness indispensable to this kind of comedy. It would be good now to see Miss Lombard again in *My Man Godfrey*.

## VALERIE HOBSON

is one of the most experienced, as well as successful, British film actresses. The daughter of a naval officer, she was born at Larne, Ireland, and educated in London. After some stage appearances, including a spell at Drury Lane, she went to Hollywood at the age of eighteen and made several films over a period of two years, returning in time to be caught up in the British wartime film "renaissance" and rapidly confirming her claims to stardom. She is the wife of Anthony Havelock-Allan and will be seen in the autumn in his first independent production *The Small Voice*, adapted from Robert Westerby's novel. Others starring in it are James Donald and Harold Keel, leading man in *Oklahoma!* for the last two and a half years. Among Valerie Hobson's post-war films have been *The Years Between*, *Great Expectations* and *Blanche Fury*.



*George Bilainkin.*

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Mons. Henry de Torrente, Swiss Minister at St. James's

permanently neutral Switzerland.

M. Torrente admits the remarkable hold of the Far East, and wonders about the real cause, as do so many others who know the pearl of the Orient, Penang, or colourful Manila, or stirring Rangoon or, in sight of Everest, little-frequented Khatmandu.

It is a measure of the affection and respect felt for Switzerland in high quarters in this country, notably since the recently terminated mission of Dr. Paul J. Ruegger, that his successor should be summoned to Buckingham Palace well inside the week of his arrival, and received the same day by the busy Foreign Secretary. He was feted in the evening by the hospitable and active Swiss colony in London.

TORRENTE, pugnacious looking, with resolute jaw, has the ability to think in English. Maybe he began the process in 1922, during a two-year stay here to study social questions. Miss Margaret Bondfield, Under-Secretary for Labour, showed him modern industries, and Sir Frank Benson assisted with a feast of twenty-eight Shakespeare plays in three weeks at Stratford-on-Avon.

London will like the courage and candour of Torrente, both proved. Dr. Ruegger was expelled by Mussolini from Rome, Torrente from Paris by the Nazis. Torrente was Swiss Chargé d'Affaires in Paris from 1940 to 1941. His defence of Swiss interests was hearty and persistent; he might have been the ambassador of a great Power. Torrente returned to the Swiss Army, in which he has served since 1929, on and off, on the General Staff. He became a Commanding Officer on the French frontier, and controlled various units. Finally he became Colonel on the staff, a rank he still holds.

Son of a former president of the Upper Chamber of Deputies, Torrente was born in Sion in November, 1893, and educated (with particular enjoyment of Greek) at Sion and Einsiedeln. He took good degrees in law, social science and economic science respectively at Berne, Basle and Geneva. Then he became associated with the Swiss delegation to the International Labour Office in 1922, and subsequently learnt much about psychology, on the international level, at conferences in Geneva and Rome. When pre-Tito Yugoslavs posed a lot of trade inquiries to which the answers were a monotonous "No," their head told Torrente: "Splendid: we can now spend a fortnight in the Bernese Oberland and return quietly." He did, and on his return reported the sad results, but not the Oberland interlude.

NEXT there were thirteen years in Paris, as First Secretary, as Counsellor, and often as head of mission. Torrente repatriated Swiss citizens, and stayed for a blistering year while the chief of the Legation was sent to Vichy. Subsequently Torrente spent three years in conducting important negotiations with the United States, with Spain, France, Portugal, Belgium and Holland. Having been promoted Minister Plenipotentiary in February, 1945, a few months later he went to China, as first Swiss Minister to Chiang Kai-Shek. And now he has come to London, a worthy successor to a celebrated and popular Minister.



Some of the guests at the party, which was held after the Society's annual meeting : Sr. Aurelio Fernandez, Secretary to the Chilean Embassy in Brussels ; H.E. Sr. Fernando Berckemeyer (Peru), H.E. Sra. Bianchi (Chile), Sra. Fernandez, H.E. Sra. Andrade and H.E. Sr. Carrera Andrade (Ecuador)

## The Anglo-Chilean Society Party at the Chilean Embassy



Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P. for Portsmouth South, talking to H.E. Sr. Manuel Bianchi, who is the Chilean Ambassador



The Earl of Dundonald with Sr. Leon Subercaseaux, Minister Counsellor to the Chilean Embassy



Don Carlos Aristimuno chatting to Dr. Lois Maria Ramirez, the Chargé d'Affaires for Paraguay, and Sra. Ramirez



A Dominican Embassy discussion between the Naval Attaché, Capt. de Windt, the Minister, H.E. Sr. Pastoriza, and the Secretary, Dr. S. Diaz

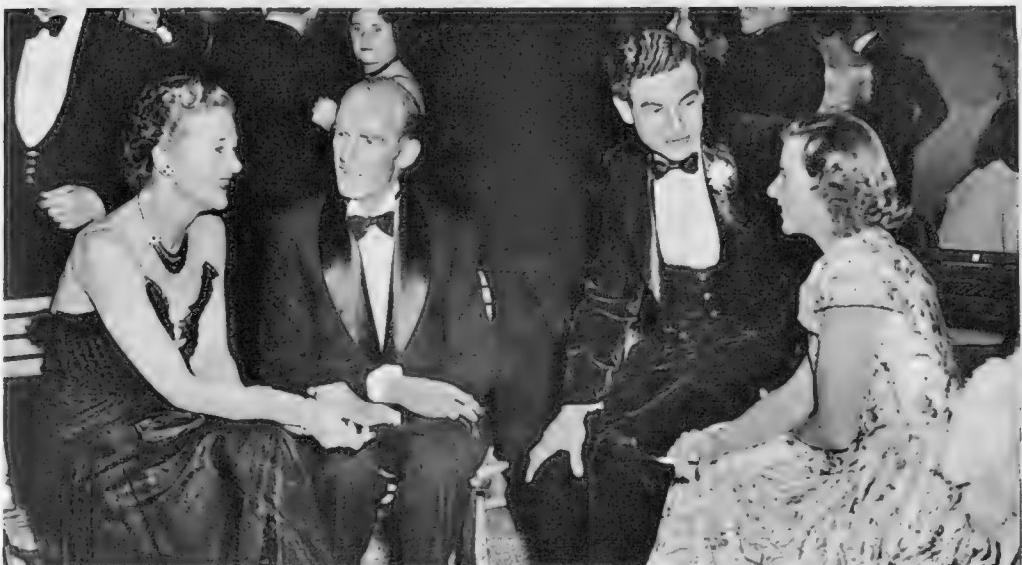


Mr. A. M. Christopherson, Second Counsellor at the Argentine Embassy, with Sr. Santiago Rogers, Secretary of the Society



Lady Goold-Adams, widow of a former Governor of Queensland, talking to H.E. Sr. Jiminez O'Farrill (Mexico)

## Pembroke, Oxford, Eight Week Dance



Lady Moira Combe, elder daughter of the late Earl of Clonmell, Lord Nunburnholme, Mr. Peter Combe, Lady Moira Combe's son, and Miss Mavis Honey were four of the guests at this very well-attended traditional college function.



Mr. and Mrs. Robert McGilloway were two more of those who enjoyed the long programme of dances



Mr. and Mrs. T. William Jones, and Lt. and Mrs. G. A. Worboys



Capt. Gardiner and Miss Ellison at the beautifully decorated buffet



Mr. W. M. Isold, Miss Margaret Lloyd, Miss Pauline Cleaver, Mr. E. Tenenbaum and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas against a background of gay "murals"



Mr. L. Nicholas and Miss Hodges have a welcome rest between dances



Others in the buffet tent during an interval were Mr. Timothy Moore and Miss Audrey Taylor



Mr. John Betton, Miss Margery Paine, Mr. O. H. Frewer, Mrs. Woolrych and Mr. Woolrych made another party at this entertaining ball



## GUESTS AT THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL

*This early summer function, held recently at Grosvenor House, brings many Scottish visitors to London each year. The group above consists of Mr. Dick Hodgkin, Miss Patricia Pleydell-Railston, Major James Drummond-Hay, Miss Vora Mackintosh, the noted skier, and Miss Jane Drummond-Hay*

*Jennifer writes*

# HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

### Court News:

H.M. the Queen recently made a tour of the cotton mills in Lancashire, gaining her first real insight into the workings of that great industry. What most interested the Queen were the day nurseries established by many of the mill owners, where the women operatives may leave their children to play and be looked after by trained nurses. A tea-party at the Manchester Town Hall, given by the woman Lord Mayor, Miss Kingsmill Jones, enabled her Majesty to meet many of the leading figures of Lancashire life, including Sir John Stopford, Vice-Chancellor of the University, Dr. W. D. Lindsay Greer, the Bishop, and Alderman Sir William Kay.

The Queen's next engagement was one which also brought her much pleasure. The hours she spent at Queens' College, Cambridge, where she attended the quincentenary celebrations, gave her the opportunity of meeting and talking with many professors and students, as well as of inspecting the treasures of the College, which Queen Margaret established 500 years ago, including the very charter which that Lady of Anjou signed in 1448 for the first Principal of Queens', Andrew Dockett.

\* \* \*

THE King and Queen, with Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Royal, motored down to Epsom to see the Oaks, which was won easily by the Aga Khan's beautiful filly Masaka from His Majesty's filly Angelola with the French Folie II. third. It was a gusty, showery day, but luckily there was

a fine, bright spell before the race, when the Queen, looking charming in fawn, came into the paddock chatting to the Earl of Rosebery, while the King walked with his racing manager, Capt. Charles Moore, and the Duke of Norfolk, and later had a word with his jockey, Carr. Other members of the Royal party watching the horses were Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, who was chatting to Sir Humphrey de Trafford.

READY in the paddock when the Royal party arrived were the Aga Khan, his son the Aly Khan, and their trainer, Frank Butters; Baron Robert de Nezon, Mr. and Mrs. John Musker, Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson, and M. Joseph Lieux, with his attractive wife, watching her runner Katia III.

Top-hats and morning coats made a welcome reappearance on all four days, and the meeting really had quite a pre-war look. Among the big crowd I saw the Countess of Rosebery and her daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, Sir Richard Sykes, Lord Mildmay, who was staying near by at The Durdans with Lady Sybil Grant for the meeting, Lord Derby, Mr. Jeremy Tree, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford's four attractive daughters. Also Lady Watson, in black, Mrs. Warwick Bryant, in grey, home from South Africa for a brief visit, Lady Manton, Commander Gilbert Whitelocke, Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall, and Mrs. Murray Smith, each with a leg in plaster and walking with sticks, General Sir Hastings and Lady Ismay, Sir Alfred Butt and his son, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson and their son and daughter, Simon and Mary, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, talking to Lady Noel Charles, Lord Allendale, escorting his daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Wentworth Beaumont, the Duke of Roxburghe, the Countess of Ellesmere, in blue, Lady Throckmorton, the Countess of

Durham talking to Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Major and Mrs. "Weary" Liddell, Major Joe Melhuish, who told me he and his wife, Baroness Burton, have just sold Rangemore, which was far too big for them, and have moved into a small house near by. I also saw Col. Pepys and his son Tony, Mrs. Nagle, who drove herself and her party to the meeting in a Rolls-Royce shooting-brake, Mrs. Walter Whigham, Mr. Tom Blackwell, Mrs. Luke Lillington, Sir John Jarvis, Lord and Lady Stavordale and their daughter Teresa, and hundreds more whom I have not room to mention. I did not go to the Derby to see the Aga Khan complete the double, as it clashed with the "Fourth of June" celebrations at Eton, which I had promised to attend. I will write about this next week.

THE ballroom at Grosvenor House was packed with dancers for the Caledonian Ball. Most of the men wore kilts, and many of the women wore tartan sashes on their evening dresses. The pipe-major, four pipers and a drummer of the Scots Guards played for the reels, and Miss Fraser of Inverness came down from the North to play the piano for the Scottish country dances, which included *Petronella*, *Speed the Plough* and *The Dashing White Sergeant*.

Amongst those I saw at the ball were the Duchess of Atholl, president of the Ball, which was instituted by the father of the late Duke of Atholl in 1849, the Marchioness of Aberdeen, who was dancing energetically in the same reel as the Duchess of Atholl; the Marchioness of Tweeddale, and the Earl and Countess of Lindsay, who were dancing together, the Countess wearing a sash of the Lindsay tartan across her lovely white satin crinoline dress. Lord Glentanar was partnering Miss Zoe d'Erlanger in a reel, and later his daughter, the Hon. Jean

Coats. The Hon. Angus Ogilvy was dancing with Miss Cecilia Pollen, Lord Revelstoke's niece, who is one of the prettiest débutantes out this year. Mrs. Harrison Broadley, who for the past two years has organised the revived Aboyne Ball so efficiently, had a fork supper party of thirty before the ball at her flat in Chelsea, and brought her guests on to the ball in a private bus. The Dowager Duchess of Grafton brought her daughter, Lady Cecilia Fitzroy, Sir "Chips" Maclean arrived with his attractive wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Ian Henderson were another young couple at the ball.

OTHERS enjoying the dancing were Viscount Garnock, Lord Ogilvy and his sister, Lady Grizel Ogilvy, in white, and Sir David Moncrieff and his sister Elizabeth, who went on to dance at The Four Hundred, where there was quite a sprinkling of Highland dress later in the evening. Also at the ball were Mrs. Ramsay, Lady Frances Hay, Miss Angela Stormonth Darling, Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, Mr. David Lloyd-Lowles, Lady Elizabeth Lumley, in biscuit-coloured satin, Mr. Humphry Berkeley, Miss Elizabeth Bruce Morry, Miss Sonia Graham-Hodgson, Miss Grizel Maitland Macgill Crichton, Mr. Geoffrey Bourne May, Miss Monique Bohn, Mr. Andrew Wemyss, Miss Prue Kirkcaldy, the Hon. Alistair Boyd, and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Thesiger, with their daughter Nina.

I RECEIVED a most original printed invitation from Primrose Pearl Lawson-Johnston, the infant daughter of the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, saying, "I am being christened at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square. It would be lovely to have you with us at the service and at home afterwards to my christening cake." I could not manage to get away in time for the service and went straight to Eaton Place, where I found my youngest hostess (she is only eight weeks old) arrayed in the lovely Lawson-Johnston family christening robe and apparently enjoying her first party.

The Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston received the guests and I met Primrose's uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Luke, who had given her the pearl brooch she was wearing; they have now left for a visit to Australia. With them was their daughter Caroline and three-year-old son Duncan. Col. and Mrs. Warren Pearl, the baby's grandparents, were present, also Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Duncan and Mr. and Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnston, who had arrived from America in time for the christening. Mr. Duncan is the baby's great-uncle and a brother of Mrs. Warren Pearl; he and his wife, ne told me, had been spending a happy holiday here seeing friends and relatives, and were off to Paris for a brief visit the following day.

A close friend of the family at the christening was Mrs. Page, who for many years was nurse to the baby's mother and saved her life by keeping her afloat on an oar when they

were in the Lusitania disaster in 1915. Others I met at the christening tea-party were Mr. I. J. Pitman, the Member for Bath, with the Hon. Mrs. Pitman and their little daughter, Margaret, Sir Percy and Lady Laurie, Mrs. T. G. Blackwell, whose son John was one of the godfathers, Mr. and Mrs. William Lazenby, the Hon. Mrs. Roland St. John, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Lawson-Johnston, the baby's uncle, Mr. Stuart Pearl, and her aunt, Miss Susan Warren Pearl, Mrs. James Walwyn and her father, Capt. Digby Bell, R.N., who was very sunburnt and told me he had just returned from a voyage across the world.

The baby's parents cut the fine christening cake and Lord Luke proposed her health.

Two other babies have recently had their christenings celebrated with small family parties. One was Haidee Marylyn, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rawlinson, who was christened at the Brompton Oratory by Abbot Trafford, and whose godparents were Mr. Christopher Hollis, M.P., Col. Montague Douglas Scott, the Earl of Rosslyn, Mrs. Basil Engster, the Marchioness of Bath and Mrs. Denis Alexander. Her parents had a luncheon party at their home in Sussex Place after the ceremony. The other was David Niall MacArthur, infant son of Major and Mrs. Niall Campbell, who was sponsored by the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Arnold Houghton, Mrs. Robertson and Mrs. Crawshay, when he was christened at St. James's, Spanish Place.

I WENT to two enjoyable first nights on consecutive evenings. Firstly, Arthur Macrae's very amusing comedy *Traveller's Joy*, in which Yvonne Arnaud and Charles Victor portray the difficulties of travelling abroad under the present currency regulations, and soon have the audience in an hilarious frame of mind forgetting their own worries. Secondly, I went to see Aldous Huxley's new play *The Gioconda Smile*, in which Clive Brook, Pamela Brown, Marie Ney and Brenda Bruce played leading parts. The plot is most cleverly contrived, and Aldous Huxley's witty and penetrating style has never been used to better effect. The action rose to a climax of great excitement in the last act. I enjoyed it enormously, and on the opening night the play got a splendid reception.

Among those I saw in the audience on these two nights were Vicomtesse de Thieusies, the Belgian Ambassador's wife, with Rose Marchioness of Headfort, Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Annaly, Edna Best, who, in one of the intervals, was chatting to Mrs. Frere, Mrs. Tom Berington, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare, Mr. Henry and Lady Honor Llewellyn, Lady Cedric Hardwicke, Fay Compton with Mr. Bill O'Bryan, and Lady Graham Cunningham, who told me her husband was away in America.

Recently when writing about people at the première of *Hamlet* I referred to Mr. Stanley J. Passmore as Mr. Henry Passmore. My sincerest apologies for any inconvenience this may have caused him.



*The Duchess of Atholl, Chairman of the Royal Caledonian Ball, sitting with Major Drummond Moray, the Vice-Chairman*

DOM PAUL NEVILL, headmaster of Ampleforth, performed the marriage service when Mr. Peter Liddell married Miss Priscilla Downes Kent at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bridegroom is an old Ampleforth boy and after he left school served for nearly six years in the R.N.V.R., and was awarded the D.S.C. for his service with M.T.B.'s. The bride, who comes from New York, looked lovely in a classically-cut gown of parchment satin. She was given away by her father, and was followed up the aisle by Mrs. Peter Clayton, a cousin of the bridegroom, who was matron-of-honour, and two bridesmaids, Señorita Regina Bello y Truffin, who comes from Havana, and Miss Alison White, who is a Canadian; both school friends of the bride. They wore long blue crépe dresses with wreaths to match.

Lady Cedric Hardwicke lent her delightful house in Regent's Park for the small reception, where the guests, only relatives and close friends, were received by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Kent, with the bridegroom's parents, Cdr. L. C. Liddell and Mrs. Liddell. Among the guests were the bridegroom's uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. "Weary" Liddell, who had come up from Warwickshire; Mrs. Hay, Sir Alexander and Lady King, Lady Cedric Hardwicke, Major and Mrs. Cecil Wills, Capt. Harry Waring, Mrs. Mark Ostrer, and Brig. C. D. McCarthy.

Others enjoying the buffet in the finely-panelled dining-room and strolling out in the garden, where there was a marquee, included Sir Robert and Lady Mayer, Mr. Guy Charrington, Mr. Freddie Warner, the best man, who served in the R.N.V.R. with the bridegroom and is now working in the Foreign Office; also Sir Gordon and Lady Craig, Mr. John Perkins and Sir James Calder.



### Some More of Those Who Attended the "Gathering of the Clans" in Park Lane

*The Countess of Lindsay with the Hon. Mrs. Jock Leslie and the Marquess of Townshend from Norfolk*

*Col. the Hon. Ian Leslie-Melville, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie-Melville, Miss Daphne Warner and Capt. MacGregor of MacGregor*

*Lt. M. Day with Miss Ann and Miss Joanna Lingard-Guthrie and Mr. Richard Dent, sitting on the stairs*



*After the speeches, most of the visitors went to the cricket match between Eton 1st XI. and Eton Ramblers on Agar's Plough*

A. W. Kerr

"The Tatler" was at Eton for—

THE FOURTH OF JUNE

Cricket, picnics and fireworks commemorate the birthday anniversary of George III.



Mr. S. M. Hornby with his father, Mr. Michael Hornby, Charles Hornby and Miss Susan Hornby



Miss Serena Loehnis, Mrs. Ivan Colvin, Mrs. Clive Loehnis and Mrs. Colvin's son, Mr. Michael Colvin



Miss I. Harmsworth has lunch with Mr. J. Stevenson, Mr. D. Hamilton and Miss P. Hamilton



Mrs. Bishop, Susan Ley, Mrs. Francis Ley and Mr. Francis Ley are conducted round by Mr. Ian Ley, who is in Mr. Wickham's house



Mrs. F. F. Holt, the Hon. Susan Remnant, the Hon. James Remnant, Miss Shirley Holt, Lady Remnant and Lord Remnant



The Marquess of Camden with his son, the Earl of Brecknock



Mr. George Paynter with Miss Yvonne Paynter and Miss Newall



The Marquess of Bath, Lord Christopher Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, the Marchioness of Bath, Lady Caroline Thynne and Lord Valentine Thynne



Mrs. George Philippi with her son, Mr. Robert Philippi



Col. Sir Robert Gooch, Bt., and Lady Gooch with their son and daughter, Timothy and Ann Gooch



Mr. Malcolm Erskine, Miss Caroline Erskine, the Hon. Mrs. D. C. Erskine and Miss Sarah Erskine



Baroness Ravensdale with her nephew, Mr. Michael Mosley



Col. and Mrs. Peter Wiggin with their son, Mr. George Wiggin



Mr. R. Laurie, Lady Laurie, Miss R. Laurie, Miss M. Laurie and Major-Gen. Sir John Laurie



At night the Procession of Boats and the firework display made a brilliant spectacle. Here the ten-oared Monarch is seen illuminated by the glare of a bonfire



## Priscilla Belita Pleases

**W**HAT would that most romantic of poets who bracketed the rarity of "ice in June" with that of "roses in December" think if he strolled in the purlieus of the Champs Élysées to-day? With Jack Hylton's Ice Parade at the Théâtre de l'Etoile and Tom Arnold's Ice Revue at the Palais de Glace, he would have to think of revising his comparisons, but with *Naughty but Ice* at the Ambassadeurs, he would have no other thought in his mind than that of enjoying the entertainment in which stars the lovely dancer Belita, British-born but American by marriage.

It is because she is, above all, an exquisite dancer, having gone through all the hardships of ballet training, that Belita is so graceful a skater. Again and again the audience breaks into spontaneous, urgent applause during her performance. But then pre-war Paris, that

remembers her as a gifted and charming child when she skated at the Mogador and danced at the Salle Pleyel, is delighted to welcome back the beautiful woman she has become, as well as joining the world of post-war Paris in admiring the perfection of her technique.

**T**HE Ambassadeurs restaurant-cabaret is a pleasant place at which to pass the evening hours. Good dance orchestra, good floor, soft lights and plenty of air, which is rather a nice change from the underground burrows that are bearable enough in winter but so stuffy just now. The night I was there I came across Maurice Chevalier and Nita Raya, whose forthcoming marriage has been reported and not denied, but who refuse to talk and merely smile fondly when congratulated. It will be the happy union of two old friends. Nita has been

starring for the last two years in the Folies Bergère revue, which is still going strong, though it has passed its 1,000th performance, and she will have earned her honeymoon-vacation.

At another table was Guy Arnoux, just back from the West Indies; at the end of the month he goes to cool, northern climes for the summer. At a floorside table I saw Cappella and his wife Patricia, who were over for the week-end and enjoying a busman's holiday, since they are rehearsing their dance numbers for a forthcoming Firth Shephard production in London. Van Dongen, blue-eyed, snowy-haired, already tanned by the sun at Deauville and with the figure of a twenty-year-old Adonis, was discoursing anent the New Look of a famous model whose waist-line has recently shrunk a good 6 ins. "I find it quite charming," he said, "so long as she takes it off when she poses for me!"

## LT.-COL. AND MRS. R. D. CARDIFF GIVE A PARTY



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Cardiff and their niece preparing to receive their guests at Claridges



Mr. Peter Higgins with Lady Dorothy Lygon, who is Earl Beauchamp's youngest sister



Mr. Eddie Tatham was escorting Lady Throckmorton (left) and Mrs. Stewart Browne



The Hon. Mrs. Derek Stanley-Smith, second daughter of Viscount Scarsdale, with Mr. Laird Yorke



Mr. R. H. H. Webber with Miss Sally Ann Howes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Howes

# in Paris Two Worlds

It was at the Ambassadeurs, but in the late afternoon, that Mme. Fanny Mauve threw a party and had her new collection of summer hats modelled by some of the prettiest mannequins in Paris, with one or two amateurs thrown in as make-weight. The hats were charming—those airy nothings that cost a fortune and are composed of a wisp of tulle, a bow of ribbon, a rosebud, a feather, or perhaps a hummingbird or two. It sounds very easy to achieve a pleasing result, but in reality one has to be an artist to mix the ingredients so that the result is not a mere mess.

**I**N private life "Fanny Mauve" is the wife of M. Le Troquer, who has so often held the post of Cabinet Minister here. He was not present at the showing, preferring to remain outside under the green leafiness of the

• A British tourist buys a parrot from a dealer at Marseilles. The bird is guaranteed to be a great talker. Some days later the Englishman returns complaining that Polly has not uttered a single word. The dealer refunds to his irate client and, remaining alone with the bird, says: "You're a fine fellow to let me down like this!"—"Fine fellow yourself!" answers Polly. "Did you expect me to learn English in a week?"

trees that line the Avenue Gabriel, where he waited and smoked, smoked and waited.

**G**REAT excitement—and no little amusement—over Sacha Guitry's latest mishap at Lyons, when he, Lana Marconi and Georges Grey were kidnapped by a party of ex-résistants and obliged to pay homage with "one minute of silence" before the heroes of the underground movement.

His new film *Le Comédien*, which purports to be the story of his father's life, has not been too well received by the critics, or the public either. Sacha appears, of course, in the double rôle of Guitry *père et fils*, and those who knew that very great actor prefer to remain silent about the production. As one critic remarked: "Lucien Guitry was 'le grand Guitry,' but Sacha Guitry is 'Sacha'!"

## FOR THEIR NIECE, MISS R. HOLMES-WATSON



Mr. Cory Wright, Lady Mary Harvey and the son, Angus Ogilvy, son of the Earl of Airlie



Mr. Simon Moseley, Miss Vivian Moseley and Mr. Paul Asquith



Capt. and Mrs. R. A. Carnegie with Mr. A. D. G. Llewellyn



Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hague and Mrs. and Mr. Bernard Ansell were also guests



Duncan Melvin

### In the Riviera Sunshine

Prince Birabongse, the racing motorist, with Andre Eglesky and Rosella Hightower, principal dancers of the Grand Ballets de Monte Carlo, who will be seen at Covent Garden in August



Swaebe

Miss Rose Grimston with Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador



In addition to witnessing the Masque in the Radcliffe Quadrangle of University College, the Princess also visited several other Colleges. She is seen leaving Christ Church for Oriel, accompanied by Dr. George N. Clark, Provost of Oriel

## OXFORD ENTERTAINS PRINCESS ELIZABETH

The O.U.D.S. Presents "The Masque of Hope" on the Occasion of Her Receiving the D.C.L.

*The Lady HOPE and her Children, for the first time perceiving  
Her Royal Highness, make their obeisance.*

HOPE. Royal and Beautiful, we of the Immortals  
Have for a moment, as Immortals can,  
Borrowed the shapes of woman and of man  
From these poor actors, and our celebration  
Of welcome is the welcome of a Nation,  
A University, an ancient town,  
Through us and them, within these College portals;  
And therefore, first, to You,  
Rose of our English hedge, our wonder and applause.  
Well decked in Portia's gown,  
Latest and loveliest Doctor of our Laws,  
Honour and welcome due!



The Welcome to the Princess, from the text of the Masque specially printed by the Oxford University Press. It was written by Nevill Coghill, and produced by Glynne Wickham

Hope (Elizabeth Baldwin, Somerville) making her opening speech, with her children, Health (Prunella Newton, L.M.H.), Liberty (Simon Lee, Worcester) and Labour (Alan Cooke, Merton)



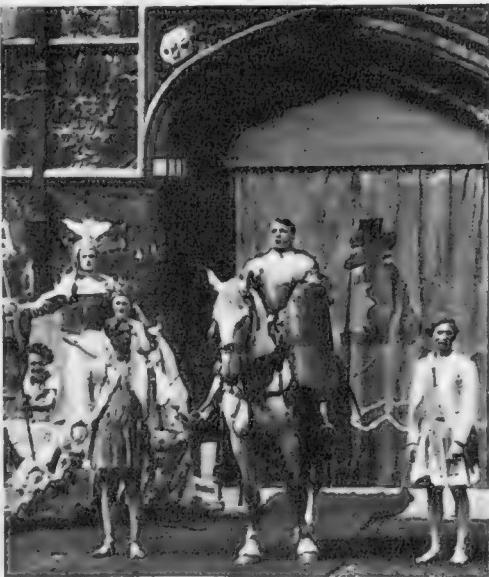
Gloom, Want, Fear, Tyranny and Pestilence, impersonated by Brigid Haydon (L.M.H.), Arthur Ashby (Exeter), Kenneth Tyran (Magdalen), David Raeburn (Ch. Ch.) and Veronica Prensky (L.M.H.).



Black Market (John Schlesinger, Balliol), making his hurried speech, to the approval of Gloom, Fear and Pestilence, before being silenced by Young Sterling and banished by St. George



Neptune (John Hale, Jesus), Venus (Marianne Cornwell) and Hymen (Brian Eccles, Ch. Ch.)



St. George (William Patrick, St. Catherine's) arrives on his white charger



Joy (Corinne Hunt), another of the children of Hope



The performance ended with the Princess being welcomed by St. George. She was accompanied by the Rev. J. H. S. Wild, who is the Master of University College



*A decorative Sambô . . . A connoisseur of the Light Musical Stage . . . Distillers demonstrating craven terror*

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By . . .

LOWERING a recent pint in the historic Bristol waterside pub known, alas, as Ye Olde Llandoger Trow—a "trow" being a sailing-barge built at Llandoger on the Wye—we gazed appreciatively at ye olde slave-whips hanging in the back room where black cargoes from Jamaica were auctioned throughout the Eighteenth Century. It seemed to us that these exhibits should be more officially featured in a Utopian Police-State.

Sambô got a better deal, actually, than us po' white trash. He knew no cares, he generally had easy masters, and occasional whacks on the rump from a bunch of leathern thongs hurt far less than income-tax at 9/- in the £. Moreover, most decorative Sambos became the pampered footmen of rich women, or, like the celebrated Ignatius Sancho, were set up in London grocery-shops by kindly noblemen and petted by the intelligentsia. No rich woman would look at you, we fear; still less a nobleman, even of the newest and humblest kind. However, as we were about to suggest, ye olde slave-whips of Bristol now bear a fresh and attractive symbolism, and should be carried by the Municipality in procession.

Incidentally the Llandoger Trow is said to be the original of the Spyglass Tavern in *Treasure Island*. We leave you with this romantic thought. Anything to take your minds off the lash, cullies.

#### Floral

ORCHIDS (another new species just announced) are like little actresses. They don't look much during the preparatory stages, but when they burst into bloom they stun you.

A connoisseur of the Light Musical Stage tells us this is where our dainty simile ends, nobody having discovered a new species of little actress since the standard one which opens big overblashed eyes and squawks "Ma-ma!" when squeezed. This is as far as Science has got, apparently, though some time ago, when mixed up (rather disastrously) with a West End revue, we noted one other clever automatic gesture, namely the averting of head and skirts with a disdainful click when passing authors in backstage corridors. With the same turn of the key, an expert told us, you got a dazzling smile switched on for City financiers and hooknosed persons with crinkly hair. Clockwork in those days, but now they're all electrified, no doubt. No comparison with orchids, says you. Wait a minute, says we—how about the frightful perils facing collectors?

#### Blend

DISTILLERS demonstrating craven terror, like Tibetan devil-masks, make such a painful spectacle for born mothers like us that we trust their recently-reported wild

fears that the fiver-a-bottle racket in the London Black Market may "make whisky unpopular" will soon be allayed.

It must be hell for their families while this terror lasts. A chap who has done some shooting with a distiller tells us it's hell for their families anyway; but what upset this particular distiller, apparently, was our friend's bringing down a female black-cock, a potential mother, by mistake the previous afternoon. Distillers have a strong Oedipus-complex as regards black-cock, though (as our friend pointed out) they would mash their own mothers like malted barley if the export-trade to America required it. Which might improve the blend, he added. This conversation ensued:

"Where d'ye get that idea?"

"Saintsbury. He says the best blend is Clynelish and Glenlivet. A dash of Auld Licht would add bouquet."

"Well, ma mither's a Wee Free."

Actually such a blend would turn out to be approximately Lowland, a whisky-expert tells us, lacking the distinctive smoky tang of Moray or Banffshire. Not, alas, that the leathery overseas palate appreciates such *nuances*.

#### Lacquer

B<sup>V</sup> WAY of a change from the brutish jargon of Whitehall and the City here is a bit of authentic *chinorserie*, sent on to us from the immemorial East:

SIR,

I am Wang. It is for my personal benefit that I write for a position in your honorable Groundnuts.

I have a flexible brain that will adapt itself to your business and in consequence bring good pleasures to your good selves.

My education was impressed upon me in Peking University in which I graduated A.I.

I can drive a typewriter with good noise and my English is great.

My references are the goods and will be read by you with great serenity.

My last job has left itself from me for the good reason that the large man is dead. It was on account of no fault of mine so Honorable Sir, what about it?

Faithfully yours,  
(Signed) WANG.



*Dining with the newly-appointed Romany Minister off a hedgehog*

The ceremony of firing the honorable Wang after the Large Man's death would differ somewhat, we gather, from our vulgar City procedure. Sitting under a willow outside the board-room, with a flight of cranes overhead, the Large Man's successor would courteously trace in the air this lament: "How am I fallen from myself! It is a long time since I saw the honorable Wang in my dreams!" The honorable Wang would then bow thrice,

smilingly, and remove himself with a flowery compliment.

#### Throbs

FAIR from wishing to slap a saucy little dish lately alleging in print that the only kind of poetry the Race really cares about is love-poetry, we think that giglot is right. The most superficial glance at *The Oxford Book of English Verse* proves it.

Having given this standard work a run-through recently, we ventured to analyse its contents roughly as follows:

Some two per cent. to God, or to His saints;  
Thirty per cent. to Nature, or her proxies;  
And all the rest, God help us, to complaints  
From gents pursuing, or turned down by, doxies.

Figures subject to minor readjustments, general impression accurate. Why such a huge dollop of love-poetry does not weigh down Continental anthologies is probably because the Latins don't worry so much over what women do to them; whereas if any pie-faced sweetheart gives one of our native poets the air he rushes for pen, ink, and paper and contacts (a) his literary agent and (b) his publisher at once.

#### Tzigane

CLOUD-CUCKOO LAND, as mirrored in the ever-fascinating correspondence columns of the daily Press, put over a really fast one the other day, in the shape of a suggestion that the Government should establish a Romany State for gypsies.

Attractive in a raggle-taggle way, but impracticable in others, one feels. Dining with the newly-appointed Romany Minister off a hedgehog roasted in clay on the nearest piece of waste-ground to the St. James's Club might be a trial for the Corps Diplomatique. A lady of quality might likewise experience momentary embarrassment when a fierce efflocked face glared from behind a screen of rags and the Ambassador said laughingly: "There's Mucky!" No doubt poise would conquer immediately.

"Who's Mucky?"

"Your little sister. We stole her from the cradle in Belgrave Square in 1925. She's hell."

"I'll bet she's no worse than what you left in exchange, Excellency."

"Badders?"

"Absolute stinkers." (Topic changed.)

None of the story-books mentions any Gorgio changeling who made life so terrible for the Romany that they changed her (him) back again. They seem to have given the windy heaths of Mayfair and South Kensington a wide berth, and who shall blame them?

## The Co. Down Follow the Royal Ulster Show with a Hunt Ball



Lord Rathdonnell dancing with Viscountess Bury, daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry



Capt. Eric Williams, Mr. Chester Nugent, M.F.H., Miss Mary Whitehead, Major John Corbett, Master of the Co. Down Staghounds, Mrs. Frank Byers, Mr. Andrew Levin Moore, Master of the Ward Union Staghounds, and Mrs. C. J. McDowell



Col. and Mrs. C. F. Parks, who are prominent followers of the Co. Down Staghounds



Major D. M. Anderson with Mrs. Hughes and her daughter, Miss J. Hughes. The ball was held in Belfast



Viscount Bury and Miss Josephine Clegg. Viscount Bury is the eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle



Mr. Waring Willis, the G.R., and Miss Joan McMorran both found the ball a most enjoyable occasion



Mr. Jack Baner, who won the jumping championship, with Mr. Jack Barrie and Miss Margot Barrie of the Scots jumping team



Three more members of the Scots jumping team : Mrs. J. Barrie and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Barrie



Capt. Eric Williams, the Ulster G.R., and Lady McConnell, wife of Sir Robert McConnell, Bt.



Mrs. James Carr, Mr. Melvill Thompson, Mr. J. R. Carr and Mr. S. Smylie, Secretary of the Downpatrick Race Club

Fennell, Dublin



D. R. Stuart

### The English Bench and Bar Beat Their Scottish Colleagues at Moor Park

*The English team.* Standing: G. Russell Vick, K.C., G. R. Rougier, A. H. S. Vivian, Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans, C. D. Aarvold, R. Beddington, Victor Lemieux. Sitting: H. W. Wightwick, Master F. S. A. Baker, Viscount Simon, Lord Merriman (captain), Mr. Justice Hodson, Mr. Justice Willmer

*The Scottish team.* Standing: P. S. Johnston, J. A. Crawford, J. M. Robertson, M. G. Gillies, W. Grant, J. M. Cowan, H. F. Ford. Sitting: C. N. Fraser, Lord Mackintosh, Lord MacKay, Lord Thomson (captain), Lord Russell, Lord Birnam, W. R. Milligan, K.C.

## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire

**I**N those always difficult things to compose, "last words," there were amongst them in these notes: "I believe we are going to have to take a lot of notice of the French, and H.H. the Aga Khan would not have bought a half-share in My Love unless he knew a bit more than you or I . . ." So he did; and M. Volterra must have given H.H. the inside information about how much value there was in this colt's win in the Prix Hocquart at Longchamps on Sunday, May 9th. Royal Drake, who ran second in the Derby, is also owned by M. Volterra, and Noor, who was third, is owned by the Aga Khan; so these two famous owners carved the great race up between them, leaving not a rag, a bone or a hank of hair for anyone else! We in England had no collateral form to help us—merely the assurances of Paris correspondents that My Love was "the best three-year-old in France." There was also our hardly-bought respect for the progeny of sires and dams which the Germans had every incentive to keep on full rations during their occupation, for they were certain that France was theirs for keeps, and that D-Day would mean Dunkirk all over again. Alas for the fallen! My Babu was harmless a quarter of a mile from home; they say he was bumped by Black Tarquin, but when there is a big field like this a bit of hustling and bustling is inevitable; The Cobbler sang his swan song immediately after he made an effort to get to the flying Royal Drake, who first started his throat-cutting operations at the top of The Hill. The rest had better be silence! As to the other happenings at the Epsom meeting, the Oaks was a one-mare race. The Aga Khan's Masaka was well with her field from the start, nicely placed at the top of The Hill, never more than two or three lengths behind the pace-maker, La Chipotte, as they sank it, and had the result in the bag before Tattenham Corner. Everyone who saw the race knows what happened in the straight; nothing could make her gallop. The bad time of 2 mins. 40 $\frac{1}{2}$  secs. could have been cut to anything if she had had to go for her life. How would she *not* have won the One Thousand if she had got off! His Majesty's Angelola will be much better suited by a flat, galloping course like Doncaster. The Coronation Cup was another *Revanche pour Waterloo!* Finally, I suppose we shall now have to sort out the ones we think may be good enough for Doncaster, and there may not be many of them!

### A Naval Epic

**N**o one but "Taffrail" (Captain Taprell Dorling, D.S.O., R.N.) could have written this fine book *Western Mediterranean, 1942-1945* (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.) as well and certainly no one better. The author had special advantages for collecting his material, since he was at the nerve centre during these crucial years, and had his finger on the pulse of things all the time; but it is his capacity for word picturisation, and his instinct for the

essential, which makes his narrative such a masterpiece. There are no "trimmings," no niggling with unnecessary detail, and no heroics. This is why "Taffrail" gets his effects with such vividness.

The Royal Navy has never been good at showing off, because it believes implicitly in that old saying that a good horseman never need jump a fence to show the world that he can sit on. "Taffrail" selected a tremendous canvas, but not a square inch of it is wasted, and the workmanship is so good and the map documentation so well arranged, that even those who turn pale green at the very sight of the sea, and do not know a Lower Boy's "funny" from a first-class battleship must be able to absorb and understand every operation with which the book deals. The maps have one great advantage in my eyes, namely, that they are not clogged with detail, but give all the essentials. The countless stories of the little-ship actions have never been told before. "Taffrail" makes each one an epic; as, indeed, it was.

As to the big ships, one thing especially delights me personally, the story of the gallant old *Warspite*; her terrific pasting at Salerno and her successful emergence, nursed by tugs, to Malta. It is one of my proudest memories that I was aboard her at Scapa some few months after Jutland, where she fought six German ships practically single-handed after her rudders had jammed and she was going

round in rings. She won that fight and, badly bashed and mauled as she was, returned to base under her own steam. *Western Mediterranean* is a magnificent book.

### The Miss Braddon Epoch

**A**LARGE section of the population which still exists in these formerly Blessed British Isles ought to be very grateful to the kindly and high-browed authors of the B.B.C.'s Third Programme for having put in a good word for the Victorians, those unfortunates who stand an odds-on chance of getting a clump on their skulls from the shillelaghs of the Moderns, who see red whenever they so much as hear the name, and do not stop at labelling them "verbose hypocrites." They go much further than that, so much so that every prudent editor is compelled to blue-pencil their remarks. We are told that at that period no one could be as good as Mr. Gladstone—a superstition rather open to challenge—or as religious and brave as Chinese Gordon, who has recently been banished from the Heroes' Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

Yet the Victorian age was in fact a most decorous and refined period, one in which the late Miss Braddon swayed the love-lives of the sentimental to the tune of three volumes from Mr. Mudie's famous Circulating Library; when "Dizzy" was busy writing *Endymion* and other improving works; when fainting in coils, painting in water colours, playing Chopin's Nocturnes and Monsieur Emile Waldteufel's Waltzes and weeping over the then Mr. Tennyson's *Maud* or his *Idylls of the King*, were deemed the most fitting occupations for the pure and unadulterated "English Mees." "Ouida," who knew so much about young officers of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, rowing and steeplechasing, was ticketed too improper for words, and even travelling alone in a Hansom cab very fast. No "English Mees" had any greater liberty than her Spanish counterpart, who was never allowed an inch away from her *duenna*.

### And Yet . . .

**T**HREE were some English "Meeses" for whom, however, no bit could be found! There was that attractive and very naughty "Skittles" (Miss Walters), so well known up Leicestershire way, and as kind-hearted as she was skittish. She is supposed by some to have been Surtees' model for both Miss de Glancey, who ensnared the susceptible Earl of Ladythorne, M.F.H., and Lucy Glitters, Facey Romford's hard-riding lady friend. Only just before this Victorian period of primness and propriety, there was Letty Lade, *née* Letitia Darley, one time the *chère amie* of that renowned highwayman "Sixteen-String Jack" (John Rann), of whom Doctor Johnson said that his technique was as much above the average run in his profession as Gray's poetry was "above the ordinary verse." So he must have been a very fine artist.



"All right, m' girl—no need to curtsey every time I pass. . . ."

# EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS (NO. 3)

Though largely adapted to a dry land existence, this species retains many marine vestiges

**ADULT MALE:** General colour above russet, crested with ashy-fulvous feathers on the dome, descending to low on the rear mandibles; mandibles heavy and bluish; beak well curved and rich tawny in colour; neck feathers white and stiff, tufted with sable to the front; body feathers blud: the bird is ringed at the wing-tips with lace-like gilded growths; the size and numbers of these rings determining the bird's age and seniority (normally); legs spindly, oddly unstable when on land: in some individuals this latter Mal-de-Pieds is most prevalent when upon the sea.

**HABITS:** This member of the sub-order is most silent, but may, if the observer be sharp, or keen, enough, be seen darting furtively, albeit with grace, about the precincts of the more secretive sanctums which abound in Whitehall. Although the bird is, primarily, of a sea-going nature, it has, at present, owing to the lack of lugs and lubbers, upon which it feeds, taken to ruminating quietly inshore. In spite of the bird's taciturnity, it will, at times, startle its brood into anxious activity with its raucous cry, a kind of "Abafthereth-Werthhelsmytee." The bird will then preoccupy itself with its favourite practice of ship and sealing-wax dabbling: and the baiting of the Lordly birds that are to be found in the more provident places of Whitehall. The bird appears to thrive on the flavourings of the juniper and the bitter secretions of Angostura.

**HABITATS:** The bird could be found nesting, in the past, on the higher portions of the heavier ocean-going vessels: it would appear, however, that owing both to its aforementioned lack of marine nutrient and, no doubt, to its inability to discriminate between sail and steam, it has found welcome sanctuary in the comparative safety of a land-locked eyre of easy access.



The Whitehall Sea Auk—or Shore Base-Buzzard  
(*Wenindorey-Spicethmaenbraes*)

## Scoreboard by R.C. Robertson-Glasgow.

### ONLY MAN IS VILE

A cricket match ; above, the Sun ;  
Before us, white on green ;  
The day was "quiet as a nun,"  
Beautiful as a Queen.

When, sudden as the stroke of fate,  
Harsh as unsharpened shears,  
Persistent as a rusty gate,  
Two voices struck our ears.

One said, "That seat was always mine  
Since 1897";  
The other did that view consign  
To anywhere but heaven.

So, argument went round about,  
And insult's various earth  
Was flung indifferent, and doubt  
Was freely cast on birth;

Till both were tired. And still the sun  
Shone on the white and green ;  
The day was "quiet as a nun,"  
Beautiful as a Queen.

**G**LAMORGAN, who play Essex this week at Brentwood, are just about the best fielding side in the County Championship, and, in Wilfred Wooller, have a captain able and willing to set the standard. W. E. Jones is the most startling out-fielder since "Nip" Pellew, who came over with the Australians in 1921, and was one of the few who used to pull the leg of his captain, 17-stone Warwick Armstrong, by habit and permission. In the winter, W. E. Jones plays Rugger for Gloucester, and drops goals from improbable angles and distances.

Among the Glamorgan batsmen, the left-handed Watkins shows rich promise. There is also a bowler with the wonderfully convenient name of Trick.

It was at Brentwood, over a round or so of golf, that I first met C. J. Kortright, and marvelled that one so gentle and benevolent had once turned batsmen's knees into castanets, sent stump whizzing like assegais past the wicket-keeper's head, and made sight-screens boom like a giant's dinner-gong. Those who played against Kortright still say he was the fastest ever. The same view is taken by Australians who faced Larwood in Australia fifteen-odd years ago. Anyhow, what fun it would have been to have been able to synchronise them, one at each end; merely as a spectator.

Kortright is now seventy-seven. In 1893, he scattered the best professional batsmen at Lord's. Forty-three years later, another fast bowler from Essex, Kenneth Farnes, did the same. What a bowling side Essex had in the 1930's, when Farnes, Stan Nichols, and H. D. "Hopper" Read were all at it in the same innings. The batsmen taught themselves new dancing-steps. It was at Brentwood that Read let loose a memorable attack on Surrey. But the legislators decided that fast bowling was rather rude. And now it has died in England. Passer-by, shed a tear o'er its grave.

**A**LADY lawn-tennis star, playing recently in a tournament on the Continong, refused to appear on a side-court, because, so it was

reported, "she wished to get used to the centre-court." The report went on to say that this wouldn't have happened if there had been a team-manager present. Oh, yes, it would. Only there would have been one more voice in the argument, an additional noise.

I sympathise with her. I recall how, many years ago, I withdrew from a billiards match at the Goose and Gander—Mr. Albert Rumble, fully licensed—because I was due to appear the next evening at the Purple Footman, where the table still boasted a Pyramid spot and one round ball.



Games-players have to think of these things. And they are full of funny notions. I knew one chess-player who was such a frightful snob that he bowed whenever he moved his Queen; another, who was so anti-clerical that he never touched a Bishop. Then there was the Bostonian who would never play with the black pieces.

**T**HERE is no limit to the superstition of athletes. There was a famous soccer-player who always carried a back-collar-stud in his left hand; and a Test bowler who had to give up cricket because he suddenly decided that trousers are unlucky. But the strangest case was that of the two opening batsmen who both wanted to walk out on the left. In the struggle for position, they described a semi-circle, and finished in the Gentlemen's Cloaks behind Stand "Q."



## A New Earl of Offaly is Christened at Wexford

The son and heir of the Marquess and Marchioness of Kildare was recently christened at Old Ross Church, Co. Wexford, by the Bishop of Ossory. The baby was named Maurice FitzGerald, with the title of Earl of Offaly. Above is Carton, Maynooth, the ancestral home of the FitzGerald family



## Elizabeth Bowen's

# Book Reviews

"Jane Austen"

"Chrysanthia"

ELIZABETH JENKINS'S *Jane Austen* has been re-issued by Messrs. Gollancz, at 12s. 6d. This is news, for a biography of this high standard has been consciously missed, and to know of the existence of Miss Jenkins's work—generally praised when it came out in 1938—and be unable to lay a hand on it has been tantalising.

Jane Austen, the perfect novelist, is not an easy subject. To clear up misconceptions about her, and to correct errors by proffering facts, would be certainly something, and so far good. But that would be mainly negative, and should not be all. Miss Jenkins has gone further: she has a diviner's sense of the springs of life—and not merely life in general but the unique life of this particular person. She has forced open and rifled no secret cabinet—an outrage which, besides being utterly out of keeping with Miss Jenkins's own nature, would be unrewarding in the case of Jane Austen's. In the *sensational* sense, there was no "secret life." In the true sense, this nature, sheathed in a dignity which was its second nature, gave out its essence fearlessly to the world: Jane Austen wrote her novels, which are for us. It could be argued that they have a sufficiency of their own. Her self was the source from which they came.

\* \* \*

PART from the six complete novels, unfinished fragments, juvenile attempts, and the Letters were all that she left behind. The Letters have—in the view of some people—suffered from the vigilance of Cassandra, Jane Austen's elder surviving sister, who excised passages and destroyed a sequence covering certain years. Was this a pity? From the "straight" biographer's point of view, yes; and from the psychological prober's point of view, yes—certainly. At the same time, it was on Cassandra's part a vicarious reticence in keeping with the whole of the Austen family's point of view, the point of view of gentlefolk. And one must remember, exactly that point of view is the very mould and style of Jane Austen's art. Did, then, those novels come from the pen of merely a vivacious, inventive, observant gentlewoman? No—genius was present—and genius is outsize, aristocratic.

The circumstances of the life of this second daughter of the Rev. George Austen of Steventon—father, in all, of eight children—have been assembled for this biography. The Hampshire landscape, the neighbouring social scene, the Rectory, the rhythm (as it were) of the Austens' existence—harmonious, affectionate, mannerly, at once in tune with and internally independent of the world. Well (in the worldly sense) as well as widely connected, the Austens felt, personally, the repercussions of several public happenings during their day—one tragedy of the French Reign of Terror overcast Jane's young girlhood; the variable fortunes of Warren Hastings were of interest, anything to do with the Navy of close concern.

\* \* \*

EQUALLY, we are given the genesis of Jane's not only delight but belief in novels—the Austens were furious novel-readers. Mr. Austen combined an eclectic taste, joy in literature and keen feeling for style with a sympathetic addiction to reading thrillers. Poetry—Miss Jenkins reminds us—was a prevailing taste of the day (of a time which, in spite of this, itself produced few outstanding poets). Jane Austen's own feeling for poetry, her preferences, her literary tastes in general, and the presumable influences on her own work, are discussed.

But here was never a bluestocking. In youth, the pleasures of the ballroom were not less than the pleasures of the book; all her life she delighted in society. The zest and lightheartedness of the early years, the withdrawal, as year after year went on, into a delicate, often-smiling remoteness—never allowed to run into melancholy—have been beautifully suggested by Miss Jenkins. After Steventon, Bath; after Bath, Southampton; after Southampton, the little house at Chawton. . . . And from those homes, the succession of visits—to the brother Henry in London, to the brother Edward at Godmersham Park, Kent. . . . The brothers married; a host of nephews and nieces began to fill the scene. The family was a network, a happy claim, a constant, absorbing drama. And, in the middle of this, she wrote.

Here is part of Miss Jenkins's picture of her at Chawton:

She wrote . . . in a living-room overlooking the road, in which any caller immediately perceived her to be at home, where the children from Steventon were constantly walking in. . . . The many long spells of quiet when the others had walked out, her mother was in the garden and she had the room to herself; or when the domestic party was assembled, with nothing but the soft stir of utterly familiar sounds and no tones but the low, infrequent ones of beloved, familiar voices—these were the conditions in which she created *Mansfield Park*, *Emma* and *Persuasion*.

Hers were not conditions in which any but a mind of exceptional strength could have exerted itself to full advantage; but the shaping spirit of imagination that created human beings, whole and entire, was a force too powerful to be thrown out of gear by having to break off in a conversation or a paragraph because a child wanted to talk to her. When James's Edward, in his Winchester holidays, or the young lady Anna, or the four-year-old Caroline, or one of the tribe of Godmersham cousins on a visit to the great house opposite, came into the right-hand parlour of the cottage, they remembered afterwards that their Aunt Jane had frequently been writing at her desk before, at their entrance, she turned to greet them with her gay, affectionate manner. . . .

\* \* \*

YOU know how interesting the purchase of a sponge cake is to me," she remarked in a letter to Cassandra. And this, in her art, holds true all along the line—she conveys the tremendous lift one gets out of small events. But, more—her faultlessness as to proportion can allow a major passion, a fatal or sweet delusion, a dream of folly or grandeur to enter and cross the scene without disparity.

This balance in her vision made for a balance in her style. "Jane Austen," Miss Jenkins notes, "uses a perfectly simple sentence, stating a commonplace fact; none of the words in it is beyond the scope of ordinary comprehension;



Guests arriving at the three-hundred-year-old church for the christening. The Marquess, who lives at Carnagh House, New Ross, is heir to the premier title in Ireland, the Dukedom of Leinster, and descends from a family whose history is full of drama and adventure. It is almost one hundred years since an Earl of Offaly was born in the FitzGerald family—1851—and the new Earl is the third since the title was granted to the first Duke of Leinster in 1761



Mr. T. Jefferies, former Master of the Wexford Hounds, talking to Mrs. J. L. Nunn at the lawn tea party which followed the ceremony



Two more of the guests were Mr. P. J. Hickey and Miss Patricia Lambert, both keen followers of the Wexford and Island packs



The Marquess and Marchioness of Kildare with their infant son. The robes have been used for the christening of four generations of the FitzGeralds



Lt.-Col. W. Bradish, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, a brother officer of Lord Kildare, was a godparent, and came with his wife from Surrey

Fennell, Dublin

# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



**Comyn—Neal**

Major John Andrew Comyn, elder son of Col. L. J. Comyn, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Comyn, of Halterworth Lodge, Romsey, Hampshire, married Miss Diana Mary Neal, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Neal, of Woodlands, Stoke Poges, Bucks., at St. James's, Spanish Place



**Marsham—Henderson**

Mr. James Marsham, younger son of the late Mr. C. H. B. Marsham, and of Mrs. Marsham, of Maidstone, Kent, married Miss Elizabeth Henderson, only daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Malcolm Henderson, of Berwick St. James, Salisbury, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge



**Williams—Mitchell**

Surg.-Lt. C. W. H. Williams, son of the late Dr. Williams, and of Mrs. Williams, of Uckfield, Sussex, married Miss Anne Mitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Mitchell, of Wallington, Surrey, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Ollivant—Cooper**

Lt. Christopher C. Ollivant, R.N., only son of the late Major Ollivant, and of Mrs. Ollivant, of Sloane Gardens, S.W., married Miss Ursula Mary Cooper, elder daughter of Col. and Mrs. Cooper, of Prince's Gate, S.W., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Waller—Ruggles-Brise**

Lt. Ernest Mackenzie Waller, son of the late Mr. Ernest Waller, and of Mrs. Waller, of Inglaterra, Tangier, married Miss Alethea Mabel Ruggles-Brise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Ruggles-Brise, of Great Yeldham, Essex, and Tanganyika, at St. John the Baptist Church, Finchley



**Pritchard—Breeds**

Mr. William Dalzel Pritchard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pritchard, of Cornerways, Petersham, Surrey, married Miss Anne Emilie Mary Breeds, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Breeds, and of Mrs. Breeds, of St. Matthew's Gardens, St. Leonards, at Holy Trinity Church, Hastings



**Koren—Barnish**

Mr. Jan Koren, son of Herr and Fru K. Koren, of Oslo, married Miss Janette Croudson Barnish, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Barnish, of Edgeworth, Weybridge, at Hersham Parish Church, Surrey. Miss Barnish's sister is married to the son of the Norwegian Minister in Prague

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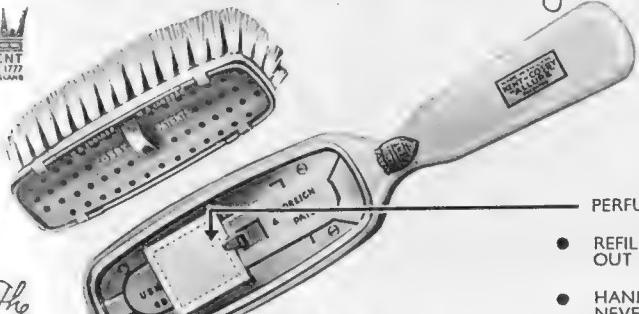
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*Jean Kent*

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FASHION PAGE BY WINIFRED LEWIS

## Pure Silk Hand-Mades



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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



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Miss Ruth Leslie Biddell and The Rev. Ross Sydney Hook, M.C., who are to marry in August. Miss Biddell is the younger daughter of the late Rev. H. M. Biddell, and of Mrs. Biddell, of Saffrons, Crowhurst, Battle, Sussex, formerly of Sandown, I.O.W., and the Rev. Hook, Chaplain of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Hook, of Cambridge



Miss Daphne Patricia Stuart Anderson and Captain Peter F. Murray, who are to marry in September. Miss Anderson is the younger daughter of Mrs. A. K. Marsh-Smith, and stepdaughter of Mr. C. C. Marsh-Smith, of Lillieshall, Maidenhead, and Captain Murray is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Murray, of Burnage, Wembley



Pearl Freeman

Miss Elisabeth Vrena Adkins and F/O Ernest Rexford Poland, who are engaged to be married. Miss Adkins is the only daughter of Sqdn. Ldr. and Mrs. W. R. Adkins, of Elmhurst Court, St. Peter's Road, Croydon, and Flying Officer Poland is the younger son of Captain and Mrs. F. R. Poland, of South Croydon



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**Elizabeth Bowen's**

# BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 342)

but used by her they have an evocative power entirely unsuspected. . . . There is no answer to the mystery as to why a plain statement made by her does the work of an architectural description of somebody else. She had the capacity to clear away the hackneyed, battered surface upon words and use them so that we perceive their pristine meaning; but that is the magical aspect of her genius."

The novels themselves have been studied, in this biography, in the order in which she wrote them: as work—and as more, the most forceful part of her life—they are fitted into the pattern of her years. As criticism, as both literary and human analysis, these passages of Miss Jenkins's on the Jane Austen novels (including those which were left unfinished) are first-rate; as a book, this *Jane Austen* could stand on its critical strength alone. It is, however, biography—and, as such, a triumph.

*Chrysanthia* (The Bodley Head, 9s. 6d.) is an extraordinary first novel: author Margaret Drake. At the first glance, much might appear to be against it—it is in diary form; its locale is a Midland provincial city—which leads one to fear that our heroine is about to be restive, unrealized and consequently tediously self-explanatory; and the diary opens with the threatening words: "A most upsetting thing has happened. I have been reading about psycho-analysis and I am appalled." I read, in fact, for the first twenty-five pages with slight, though ever-diminishing mistrust—then (at which point in the story I cannot exactly say) I was suddenly won; nay, infatuated.

Where Miss Drake got her Chrysanthia from, who can say?—where do the more dementingly unforgettable characters in fiction come from? This goose, minx, angel, demon and visionary is inimitable—and can she wield a pen! That Chrysanthia Tuffet, rather than Miss Drake, wrote *Chrysanthia*, I feel convinced: that Chrysanthia and Miss Drake are not synonymous I feel equally suré. Miss Drake, in a short explanatory foreword, explains Chrysanthia's circumstances in life, and gives her, up to date, short biography (the girl is twenty years old). Miss Drake also supplies topography—Middleham and its environs—which is just as well, as Chrysanthia, owing to haste, breathlessness and general heat of confusion or of emotion, explains absolutely nothing. The scene set, Chrysanthia is then let loose on us. She remains forever let loose in our troubled world.

\* \* \*

A VICARAGE poltergeist enters the later part of this story and plays a violent part in the already considerable plot; but the poltergeist does not seem any odder than any other of the characters as *Chrysanthia* sees them (we are allowed, remember, to see them no other way). Chrysanthia, tearing off down the vicarage passage like a cat with a tin tied to its tail, with, all round her, the exasperated poltergeist operating full blast, may be judged at last to have met (or, in fact, to be in full flight from) her match. There are, however, a series of not less high points throughout the story—Chrysanthia, for instance, stuck in the boat in the dark in the middle of the lake, while on the bank Paul, her

fiancé (who is threatened by madness), dallies at leisure with her girl friend Adelaide—originally described as having "white, potty" legs.

They went on sitting there for some considerable time. Occasionally they exchanged a remark, but as they spoke in undertones I could not hear what they said, and I must admit that it felt a little lonely, as it were, by contrast, the two of them sitting there on the bank, and me alone in the boat in the middle of the lake. After a while I thought I would say something.

"Paul," I shouted, "that grass you are sitting in, is it, perhaps entwined with convolvulus?"

"It's entwined with something," he said; "a pinky-white thing, smells like custard!"

Me: Yes, that's convolvulus. Perhaps, also, there are moths whirling round in the whiskey tops of the grass and grasshoppers in the dense green part—and many other delicious things.

Paul: Yes, there are, love. It's alive with insects.

He said something to Adelaide which I did not hear, and then called out:

"I say, darling, Adelaide can't hear the grasshoppers."

Me: Why—she's not deaf?

Paul: She's grasshopper deaf. The note is too high for her.

\* \* \*

P AUL's cousins, Dickie (who "just has a disinterested love of money") and Ronnie (who "disapproves of lobster and can't dance") and Anna (who resembles "a ladylike prophet"), play their parts in the story. Also Janet, Chrysanthia's other girl friend and roommate, who keeps her subconscious in the waste-paper basket; and Professor Jenkins, later to be known as Cecil.

I must not give the impression that *Chrysanthia* is either a fantasy or a farce. It abounds in farcical situations, but so does love—and this is in fact a hallucinated but for that reason all the more true book about love, about being in love. In fact, it is one of the best novels about the state of love that I have ever read; I shall re-read it as I would re-read poetry. I recommend it—with what I feel to be proper warning that if it does not appeal to you, you may find yourself hurling it into the corner of the room. All I can say is, that if I had not happened to read it, I should be grateful to anybody who recommended it to me.



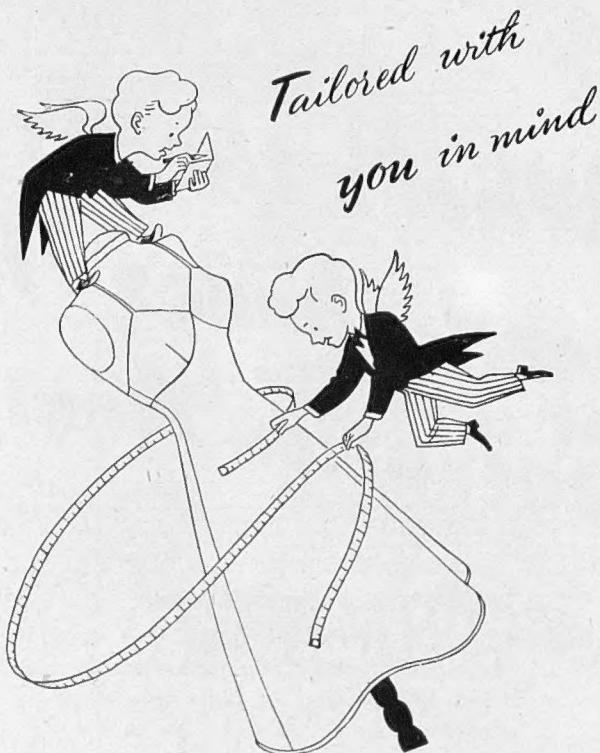
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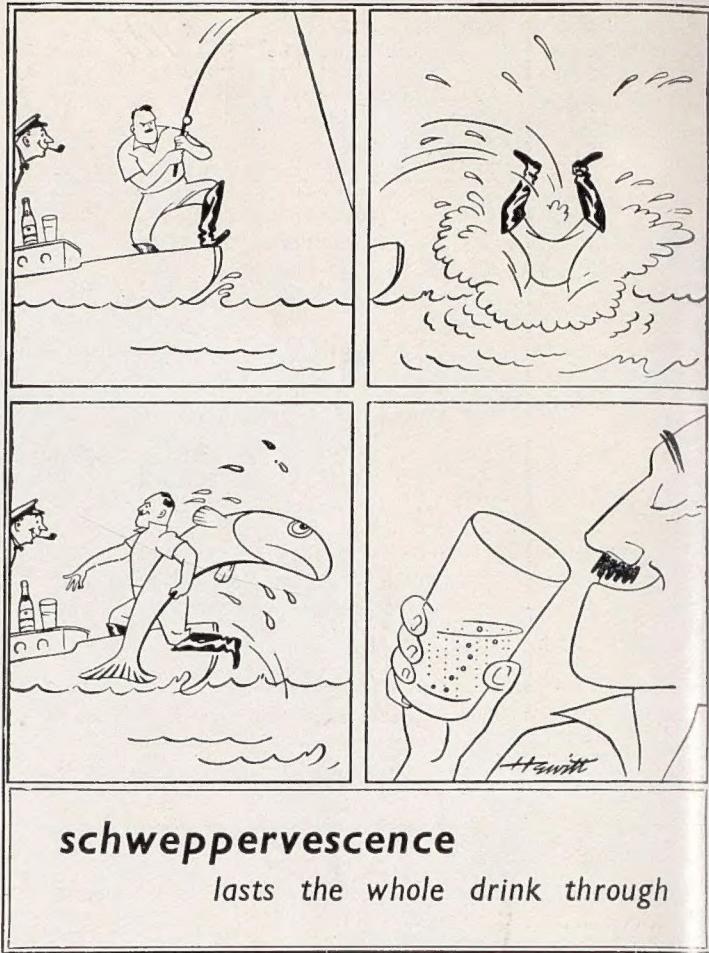
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